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RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 340.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURSUIT.

While joy reigned on the vessel, which was carried gaily on full sail through the Mediterranean, the demon shook the torch of discord and fury in Omar's house at Algiers. When the old woman came in the morning to the apartment of Isabella, to her great astonishment she found her missing, and all the jewels which Omar had presented to her lying on the table. Her loud shrieks drew a crowd of servants around her. They ran over the house in search of the young Christian, but she was nowhere to be found.

The slaves accused each other of negligence—but, through fear of Omar, none dared to communicate the fatal news. At last an old slave, who had never been in the service of Isabella, and who was on that account less exposed to the tyrant's wrath, entered his room and told him what had happened.

The lion, wounded by the arrow of the Numidian hunter, could not howl more frightfully than did Omar at that moment. He rose, like a tiger thirsting for blood, rushed to the young lady's room, and found the rope fastened to the window. He immediately saw that his victim had profited by the darkness of the night to make her escape.

Without loss of time he dispatched some confidents through the town to discover where the young Spanish lady was concealed, but learned that a vessel had left port that night, and that Isabella and several other Europeans were on board.

That sufficed. He issued his orders, hired a brig which was ready to sail, sent on board an immense sum of money, and, followed by his most trusty attendants, embarked to give chase to the fugitive Christian. "Isabella comes from Barcelona," said he, "and is now sailing thither." And for Barcelona they too steered.

This mistake gave the Spanish sailors time to discharge a great part of their cargo at the Balearic islands, and to take on board some companies of soldiers who had to return to Spain.

The Algerian brig cruised for some days before the Roads of Barcelona—but the vessel which he wished to meet hove not in sight—a circumstance which persuaded Omar that it had entered port before his arrival. He was abandoning the hope of measuring his strength with the Spaniards, when one of the watch descried a sail approaching in the direction of the Balearic islands. The pirates prepared for action, and made all sail to meet the Spanish brig. They soon recognized it as the one which had left Algiers during the night of escape, and on which Isabella was embarked.

Omar exulted with joy. Already he flattered his hard heart, that his victim was once more within his grasp; he saw her trembling at his feet and praying for life; already he seemed to quench the thirst of vengeance, which preyed upon his guilty soul. The signal is given, the cannons roar, the balls hiss, the vessels struck each other, and the corsairs, elated with their first success, raised the shout of victory. But the scene soon changed. The Spaniards, to allure their adversaries, pretended to oppose a feeble resistance, when the soldiers, whom the Algerians did not know to be on board, sprung upon deck—a terrible fire of musquetry ensues; the Corsairs discover too late that they had to deal with superior forces; their ranks were thinned, their commander stretched lifeless; Omar himself, who had taken part in the action, was wounded; disorder spread among them, and they were forced to lay down their arms, and lower their proud brows before the valiant Spaniards.

The Algerian vessel was boarded and declared lawful prize; the flag of the pirates was struck, all the crew were declared prisoners, and those who had not been wounded during the action were shut up in the hold. Meanwhile, Isabella, her mother, and several other ladies, kept close in their cabin, waiting for the issue of the action, and praying God to crown with victory the arms of their fellow-countrymen. Suddenly the firing ceased, and shouts of joy succeeded the tumult of battle. The merchant went down into the cabin and announced the gladdening news. He little thought that the pitiless wretch who had persecuted his daughter was among the wounded; for in the heat of the action no one had recognised Omar.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Some hours after, crowds of the citizens flocked to the quay of Barcelona, to witness the entry of a vessel which dragged after her a dismasted Algerian brig. Repeated acclamations greeted their approach. The passengers landed amid the congratulations of their friends, who had hastened to the quay as the report of their arrival spread—the prisoners too were disembarked.

The merchant, accompanied by his father, Teresa and Isabella, were going home, when his daughter uttered a scream of terror. As she was returning to express her gratitude to the captain who had delivered her, she recognised Omar, who had been carried to land.

"Father," she exclaimed, "there he is, he who has caused me so much misery!"

The merchant turned towards him. "Heavens!" said he, "how this? this wounded man is Omar?"

"Yes, yes it is he," said Isabella; "but how pale! how he seems to be suffering, perhaps he is wounded!"

The merchant went back, two sailors were supporting the unfortunate man. "Is it true that you are Omar?" said he.

Omar dared not answer; he expected to be overwhelmed with insults, because he had seen Isabella speak to the man who was questioning him. The merchant, who remarked his embarassment, endeavoured to console him, and went to find the captain, to whom he said—"Captain, among the wounded you have brought ashore is the persecutor of my daughter—the infamous Omar. I beg you will do me the favour of causing him to be taken to my house. If you require a ransom, I will willingly pay it. I wish to show this barbarian, how Christians are revenged on their enemies."

"Omar is yours," said the captain; "but I suppose you will treat him well. This revenge is allowable, and I approve of the course you intend to pursue—as to the ransom, that is a matter of no importance; we are not Arabs!"

Pleased with his answer, the merchant ordered a litter to be brought, and Omar carried to his house. There he was attended with the greatest care, and visited by the first physicians of the town. Isabella and her mother sometimes went to see him. Every word which she addressed to him, seemed a dagger to his proud and haughty heart. He was humbled exceedingly at the sight of their noble revenge, and could not conceive, how the Christians possessed the strength of mind to rise above themselves, and pardon with such cheerfulness the most unjust treatment.

The merchant one day took Omar into the garden to enjoy the fresh breeze of spring. Teresa and her daughter soon joined them. When Omar saw Isabella, a thousand torturing thoughts rushed upon his memory and he burst into tears.

"Excellent Isabella," said he, "will you ever be able to pardon the wrongs I have done you? Alas!" he added with a deep sigh, "I blush when I reflect on my conduct towards you. You foretold what has happened, and I shall never forget what you said to me with so much earnestness, 'that my hour was marked, and that vengeance would come upon me;' yes, I acknowledge that God has punished me, and nothing can be more terrible to me, than the thought that I perhaps owe my life to her whom I wished to outrage. Who could have believed a few months since, that the powerful Omar would be one day forced to accept on a foreign land, hospitality in the house of one, whose daughter he had kept in captivity! Oh! the irresistible power of God!"

"Yes," answered the merchant, "God is great, and displays his omnipotence in a most striking manner, when he humbles him to the dust who presumes to despise the laws which He has written on the hearts of men. You see, my lord, that grandeur and riches are nothing, when not supported by virtue.—You have enjoyed all that man can wish for on earth; but you have not known how to moderate your desires. The Omnipotent has allowed you to wonder for a time at the mercy to your passions; He then struck you in His anger and sent adversity upon you. Never, my friend, forget this lesson, and if you ever return to your native land, be more humble and moderate, and remember that those whom you treat as slaves are your brothers. You will have learned from the action which threw you into our power, the miseries of slavery in their most hideous aspect; and, thanks to the mercies of the Catholic religion, you shall never be molested. You are free, and as soon as your health will permit shall return to Algiers.

Omar was speechless with joy and admiration. "And what ransom," asked he, "do you exact for my liberty?"

"None."

"Impossible! You send me back without ransom?"

"Yes, we do not traffic in a brother's flesh."

"Oh! this is too much generosity! Fix the sum, and I swear by the great prophet it shall be paid."

"I have already said you are free; you shall return without ransom."

With tears in his eyes, Omar kissed the merchant's hand and said:

"Your promise and the generosity you have shown me, will hasten my cure more than all the medicines in the world. Upon your word I shall return to Africa, to publish what I have seen in Spain. Be assured that I shall exert all my influence, to induce my countrymen to respect in future the Spanish vessels. As for myself, I shall set free all my Christian slaves on my return, and promise most solemnly to purchase no more. But you will permit me to send a necklace to Isabella, for the day of her marriage."

A month after this interview, Omar returned to Africa, corrected and repentant, and ready to publish

in his native land the generous treatment he had received in Spain.

The heroic conduct of Isabella in the midst of Arabs, was no sooner known at Barcelona, than it became the theme of universal praise; mothers proposed her as a model to their daughters, and she was called throughout the town, "The Heroine of Algiers."

She received on this occasion the congratulations of all acquainted with her family; all took delight in publishing her fortitude, her constancy, and inviolable attachment to virtue and the Catholic faith. As to herself, she ever remained the same—modest, pious, obedient to her parents, and virtuous in the enjoyment of happiness, as she had been in the day of adversity. A few months after, an African vessel moored in the port of Barcelona. She had on board more than a hundred unfortunate Christians, some of whom had groaned in slavery many long years, whom Omar in his gratitude had set free. She brought too, a rich casket addressed to the merchant, with presents that would have done honour to a prince. Most of them were intended for Isabella, and it was to recall to her without ceasing the remembrance of her virtues, that Omar sent with these handsome gifts a most affecting letter.

From that moment he changed his conduct, and it was to the virtue of a young lady, that *he* was indebted for his happiness, and more than a hundred slaves for their liberty.

Don Gabriel Mendez asked and obtained the hand of Isabella, and the young "Heroine of Algiers" came to the feet of the Queen of Virgins, to unite her lot with that of her deliverer. She was arrayed in the rich necklace of diamonds which Omar had presented her. After the ceremony, she stripped herself of the ornament, and placed it at the feet of Mary, expressing her desire that it should be sold by the "Fathers of Mercy," in whose chapel she was married, and the price devoted to the redemption of poor captives.

The days of Isabella passed without a cloud, and for many years more her grandfather had the joy of seeing her a happy wife, a happy mother, fulfilling all the duties which this double title imposes. He was proud of his grandchild, and to the hour of his calm passage hence, he had no voice but to bless God, and recount her virtues and constancy, whom he was proud to call the glory of Barcelona, "The Heroine of Algiers."

Concluded.

The humility which our Lord Jesus Christ has so much recommended to us, both by word and example, ought to have the three following characteristics. The first is, to esteem ourselves with all sincerity of heart worthy of the detestation of all men: the second is, to rejoice when others see our imperfections, and for this reason despise us: the third is, if ever our Lord operates any good in us, or by our means, to conceal it, if possible, in the sight of our own infinite vileness; and when we cannot do this, to attribute it at least to the divine mercy, and the merits of others. Oh, blessed is the man that has reached this degree of humility! but woe be to him who has it not!—S, Vincent of Paul.

THE VIRGIN'S BANK.

[The following beautiful lines, written by Joseph C. Callanan, are founded on an existing popular tradition in the county of Cork. There is scarcely a fisherman who visits the bay of Clognakilty but can show the green hillock, known as the Virgin Mary's Bank.]

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and solemn beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "Our Lady" as he stood upon the prow,
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gaz'd with laugh and jeer,
And madly swore, a form so fair they ne'er had seen before,
And they cursed the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen,
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.

Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,
And rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout,
And that vessel from a mountain-wave came down with thund-'ring shock,
And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew, one shriek rose wild and high,
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corse was seen on Inchidony's shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where those scoffers sank,
And still he calls that hillock green, the Virgin Mary's Bank.

How admirably are dogs adapted to their respective spheres! The Greenland dog to wastes of untrodden snow; the shepherd to mountain pastures; the cur, the mastiff, and the bull-dog, as guardians of their master's property; hunting dogs of various descriptions to clear the country from wild and predatory animals; blood-hounds to find out the haunts of robbers, or to recover stolen goods; the St. Bernard variety for the saving of human life.

If the species were suddenly annihilated, how could their services be supplied? how could the shivering natives of frost-bound regions pass over their wastes of snow, thousands who now rest securely on their beds, must rise and watch in darkness and in storms; many a lost traveller would perish; and innumerable evils, which are checked by these faithful warders, would require continual vigilance to circumvent, or courage to ward off.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

My story is laid at that period of our history,

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why,
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set them together by the ears,
* * * * * * * *
When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick."

Hudibras.

At this memorable epoch, when the consequences of the Reformation shone in all their glory, the town of C—— was commanded for the parliament by Sir Patrick Newcastle.

It was the birth-day of the worshipful knight, and though such observances of times and seasons were hardly in accordance with puritanical etiquette, Sir Patrick had nevertheless, relaxed so far as to invite a few friends to sup with him. And sooth to say, the savoury viands and sparkling wines that graced the board, had a powerful influence in removing the scruples of those, who, in their hatred of graven images and popish idolatry, had too often fallen into another species of idolatry, making "a god of their bellies," which some would call, "falling out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The juice of the grape is proverbial for oiling the tongue and sharpening the memory; Sir Patrick was engaged in telling stories of the olden time, when he was a boy at Westminster school, but he was interrupted by the entrance of a file of soldiers with a royalist prisoner. It was rather an annoying interruption, but it was his birth-day, on which no man should allow himself to be discomposed above measure; he therefore ordered refreshments to be placed before the party, and continued his story as follows: "I was fifteen years old, but such a puny fellow of my age, that every one despised my weakness, and tyrannised over me because I had not strength to resist; courage can hardly exist without strength, my weakness rendered me timid, and above all things, I feared the master's rod; twice I was subjected to this terrible chastisement, and for years after I never remembered it without feeling a shudder of horror thrill through my frame.

I followed the usual college course. The upper and lower class scholars were separated by a curtain, which we were expressly forbidden to touch. One summer day, while the Professor was prosing over an explanation of the poetry of Anacreon, a movement in the class suddenly awoke me from a sound sleep into which I had fallen, and losing my balance I instinctively grasped the curtain, which rent with my weight. The two masters turned round at the noise, and saw what was done. It might have been the boy on the opposite side as well as me—but my terror betrayed me, and I was ordered to advance and receive twelve blows with that horrible rod. I rose and staggered forward, I would have asked pardon, but fear tied my tongue, my knees smote each other, I was bathed in a cold sweat, and as I approached I fell on my knees. The terrible rod was raised—it was about to fall, when a voice was heard saying, "Do not strike him, it was I who did it." It was the scholar who sat on the other side of the curtain who spoke. He was ordered forward and received the punishment instead of me. My first impulse was to prevent this injustice, but I lacked strength to speak, and some blows had fallen before I could articulate a word, and then shame prevented me.

After having submitted to his punishment, the scholar passed near me, and holding up his bloody hands whispered to me, smiling the while, "Keep at a respectful distance from the curtain in future my little fellow, for the rod strikes hard."

I fell on my knees, attempting to sob out my gratitude, but he ran away crying, "don't betray yourself now all is over."

From that day I struggled against my timidity, and hope I have been successful."

"And who was this generous fellow?" demanded one of the guests. "Unfortunately," said Sir Patrick, "I cannot tell. To avoid my excessive demonstrations of gratitude, he kept out of my way; his name was a common one in this country—soon after I left school, and have never seen him since. But God knows how I cherish his remembrance, and truly I would willingly give some years of my life to meet this generous fellow again, talk of our young days over a cup of good claret, and clink our glasses together as we drank each other's health."

At this moment a glass was thrust forward and rung against that which the knight held in his hand—he started, for it was the prisoner who now said, "I drink to your health, Sir Patrick, and beg to remind you that the lad you mention got a double allowance of blows for permitting you to be so nearly punished, innocent as you were supposed to be!"

"True, true, cried Sir Patrick, and you are my old friend whom I have so long wished to see, and in what circumstances do we meet! Alas! that it should be so—that unfortunate uniform."—"It is the uniform of my King, under which every Scotch gentleman is bound to fight; more's the pity that some think differently. I followed my father in the army of Charles—he has lost his life—my turn is coming—it is the will of heaven—so God save King Charles."

At these words the officer turned away, and tranquilly continued his meal. But the knight was melancholy and pre-occupied.

That same night, after giving orders that the prisoner should be well treated; he left home and did not return for several days.

Next morning the prisoner was called in, expecting to be judged and condemned.

"Lord D——," said Sir Patrick, "it is now twenty years since you held up your bloody hands, bidding me beware of approaching the curtain again. Behold this pardon; but thou must go abroad; and now I say to thee, beware of approaching England, for Cromwell is difficult to be appeased."

M. L.

Walk by the side of the mob, never in the middle, nor at the head of it.

Calumny, like the spider, spreads its nets in the dark.

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 9.

There is no season during which the Church so elaborately and powerfully expresses by outward appeals the fund of religious feeling which lives within her, as the Holy Week. The nature of the events which she then commemorates, is of such engrossing and awful import, of such transcendently affecting interest for all who bear the name of Christians, that indeed they have only to be considered a moment, to fully account for those extraordinary rites and ceremonies by which she endeavours, as it were, to reproduce before the eyes of her children, transactions whose memory ought to be their paramount one of all; and which, wherever they are beheld, even by the scoffing infidel, never fail of rousing the inmost depths of that religious reverence, native more or less to the bosoms of all mankind. It is more particularly during this season of Holy Week, that the institution of a profuse outward ceremonial, so much objected to and maligned by opponents, is seen in the full power of its significancy, and, consequently, practical adaptation to the necessities of our common humanity: when, indeed, the *philosophy* of such a ceremonial is demonstrated to be so thoroughly *rational*, as to lead one more than ever to wonder at the singular appropriation of those two words which modern times have contrived to make. There cannot be a question that the observances of Holy Week, as they are conducted at Munich, will not bear comparison with those at Rome, so celebrated in descriptions for majesty, variety, and overpowering effect on the feelings. Nevertheless, the assertion may be ventured upon, that if, for obvious reasons, the former do not equal the latter in the getting up, they at least will bear off as good a palm for the zeal and devout fervour which they inspire throughout an entire community; and when to this principal consideration is added the fact, that, in some interesting points, they differ from those of Rome and other Catholic countries, they will no doubt be thought just as well worth reading about as any of greater name.

The penitential time of Lent prepares you for the more pronounced features of Holy Week. After Ash Wednesday the organs, and all other instrumental music, cease in the churches of Munich; and only the subdued swell of the human voice is heard at the solemn services, elevating the severe but deeply devotional strains of the old Italian masters--such as Palestrina, Marcello, Lotti, Orlando di Lasso, Pavona, and others of a similar school. Every evening during Lent the churches take it in turns to have an extraordinary service, when a sermon is delivered suitable to the season. The concourse of attendants is always remarkable. Palm Sunday diffuses a certain gaiety, from the nature of its commemoration. The palms are sold for a trifle at stalls set up at the porches, which are generally kept by peasants, habited in their most grotesque finery for the occasion. Wednesday following may be said to introduce the peculiar offices of Holy Week by the performance of the sublime service of Tenebræ, repeated again in the evening on Maunday Thursday and Good Friday in all the churches. The Lamentations of Jeremiah, which form so striking a feature, are especially celebrated for the style in which they are intoned at the Cathedral. No music, in the whole range of the art, goes to the soul with such telling effect as the melody of these impassioned appeals of the prophet to Jerusalem —so simple, but then so full of the profoundest pathos and desolation. Accordingly the most varied and striking emotions are to be observed passing over the countenances of the crowd, drawn together to assist at this service. For each one applies what he hears and sees, according to his state and temper of mind. Some enter into the full intention of the Psalmist, and become abstracted in union with him, who makes such moving instances to a perverse city. Others irresistibly substitute themselves for that perverse city, and seem absorbed alone by the conviction, that those calls to be converted to God are addressed to their own hearts. If there be any truth in the mighty influences which have been attributed to music above all other sorts of persuasion, then they must assuredly operate chiefly in these Jeremiads—so that I can well conceive that there are those characters to be found, to whom, while the finest eloquence of speech has proved utterly in vain, the chaunting of the Lamentations of Jeremiah has quite overpowered—quickening into life emotions long locked in an icy torpor in their breasts, and confounding the reign of hard insensibility by such an inundating irruption of latent religious feeling, as undoubtedly has not failed to form thenceforth an epoch for their whole life. Maunday Thursday is distinguished by a highly interesting ceremony, publicly performed by the chief civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the state. This is the washing the feet of twelve poor men, in memory of the act of our Saviour, by the king at his palace, and by the archbishop at the cathedral. Of course the royal performance forms the greatest attraction, as it is conducted with greater circumstances of pomp, and is equally free to the public. After High Mass at the court chapel, before his majesty and household, the blessed sacrament is conveyed in procession through the galleries and principal apartments, followed by a vast miscellaneous crowd, to a smaller chapel, where a magnificent sepulchre has previously been prepared, and where it is deposited. After this, all who have been in time to obtain tickets, for no one commonly respectable is refused them while they last, repair to a spacious saloon, called the hall of Hercules, where the ceremony of washing the feet takes place. This noble apartment is arranged so as to accommodate the nobility and miscellaneous public in separate divisions; and, as may be supposed, is densely crowded. In the space left free for the ceremony, twelve of the oldest and poorest patriarchs of Munich are seen seated; and shortly the king, attended by his two sons, his chaplains, and other officials, enters, when the gospel for the day is read, and appropriate prayers recited. Then the king girds himself with an apron, and takes a towel on his arm, and kneels down before the poor men, beginning with the oldest (who, on the present occasion, was in his 104th year), and assisted by a principal officer, who pours the water over the naked feet, he passes before each one, wiping them quite dry and clean. After this affecting act, the twelve old patriarchs are publicly regaled at a well-spread board in an adjoining chamber, when his majesty, with napkin in hand, waits upon them himself, assisted by the young princes. On the conclusion of the feast, each guest receives a purse of money and a new suit of clothes, and then is dismissed. This terminates the observance; which surely no one can witness, without being penetrated by the beauty and justness of its spirit. A great feature of Maunday Thursday is the depositing in all the churches of the blessed sacrament in the magnificent sepulchres, which thence become the resort of the devout of all classes, till late on Saturday evening. On Good Friday the religious excitement attains its culminating point. After the public ceremony of exposing the crucifix to the tender veneration of the faithful, as practised in our chapels in England, the visitation of the sepulchres becomes the all-absorbing occupation; and such incessant and dense streams of people, hurrying along from church to church in all directions, are never seen in this place on any other occasion of whatever description. It is the common thing for families to start in the morning after

breakfast, and not meet again till late in the evening: the entire day being devoted to its peculiar calling. The sepulchres in themselves, too, are of the most varied, and often splendid character. They are commonly constructed in some side chapel, or porchway of the church. The lower part of them always presents a waxen figure of a dead Christ, lying in the tomb; and the superior one supports the blessed sacrament in its remonstrance, surrounded by a brilliant illumination of tapers and coloured lamps, disposed amid a gorgeous display of shrubs and flowers tastefully arranged. Others are more elaborate. At St. Michael's church, for instance, the sepulchre, which was approached by a sort of darkened gallery, presented a beautiful scenic effect of a rock with a tomb hewn in it, and shaded by palm trees. Within was dimly seen the body of our Lord laid out, and the guards sleeping near it. Elevated aloft, in the midst of a glowing sun, formed by lamps skilfully managed, which alone shed light upon the scene, the blessed sacrament was exposed to adoration. Nothing could be more solemnly impressive, and, at the same time, artistically beautiful. The new church of St. Louis was especially distinguished this year for the magnificence of its sepulchre. The gigantic figures of Cornelius's Last Judgment were veiled up by a black curtain inwrought with gold; and the effigy of our Saviour reposed in front of the high altar, with the host above it, amid a blaze of torches, and a display of the finest exotics. But the grand feature of all was a vast illuminated curtain, which filled up the spacious arch of the altar-recess at entering it, and hung down in front of the sepulchre. It had the most striking effect that can be conceived, especially on first entering the church. It was wholly composed of an infinity of small lamps, most skilfully suspended, and disposed in flowers, crosses, diamonds, and stars, of every variety of fanciful pattern. This device was generally allowed to be one of the most original and brilliant that had been witnessed; so that the concourse of the merely curious, who are never deficient on such occasions, was greater at this church than at any other. At the beautiful gothic church of St. Mary, in the suburb Au, reckoned here one of the masterpieces of architecture, and famed for its painted windows, the sepulchre was also of superior invention: for between the tomb and the blessed sacrament, there was presented the scene of the Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci, composed of wax figures, nearly as large as life. At this church I took notice of a little characteristic incident, of very ordinary occurrence indeed, but not the less interesting and significant on that account to a stranger like myself. Among the crowd which hemmed me in on all sides, pressing forwards to the front of the sepulchre, there was a poor peasant woman who was just behind me, and who led by the hand her little boy. When they had gained the rail directly opposite the blessed scene, she raised him up to see, and then began to catechise him in scripture history, and explained to him in her simple way what it all meant, that he so much admired and wondered at. I overheard her whisper to him, with the most serious countenance, the leading events of the last supper and passion of our Lord. As she spoke, she continually pointed to the touching effigies before her, at which the child gazed with greater interest than ever. When she had done, she made him repeat over what she had told him, and point out to her who this was, and who that. This task he performed with the greatest sharpness and gravity, to the evident delight of the poor woman, who kissed her son repeatedly for being so attentive and good. As the circumstance challenged my observation, I watched it with great curiosity, though I felt assured it was the most common-place natural thing in the world. Indeed, I could not help reverting in my mind to the ridiculous calumny, still so popular among protestants in England, that the religion of Catholics involves them in an ignorance of scriptural knowledge. Nay, I thought within myself thus: There can be no doubt of that poor woman being totally ignorant of such an institution, for example, as the "*British and Foreign Bible Society:*" in fact, I dare say she never heard of such a thing as a protestant Bible in her life. And yet I will venture to believe, that if she took her little son and introduced him into many a protestant Sunday school in England, with no other instruction than what she had imparted to him in her own way, he would not fail to prove better grounded in a knowledge of the Bible, than is commonly the case in such places.

Among so many sepulchres, equal to the vast number of churches and chapels, a great variety of ornament of course prevails, and many besides those which I have mentioned, elicited marked approbation on account of the beautiful and apt ideas which distinguished them; and which, by another of greater taste than myself, would have perhaps been deemed more worthy of notice. In some of them I thought it a very moving effect which was produced by musical boxes, concealed among the decorations, and breathing out sad and solemn airs, or the mournful strains of a Jeremiad. Besides the churches, several private families had sepulchres in their houses, to which the public were freely admitted. Such houses were indicated by a black curtain being hung out over the doorway. I was told this was a privilege.

About the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, a new spectacle shortly presents itself. This consists of the procession through the streets of effigies, the size of life, representing the chief stages of the passion of Christ. They are of wood, painted after nature, and are carried on a framework, supported on men's shoulders. It is indeed a very striking and exciting demonstration. There is first borne along our Saviour in the garden during his agony, receiving consolation from an angel. There is his betrayal by Judas; his appearances before Caiphas and Herod; his mockery; his scourging; and crowning with thorns; Pilate showing him to the people. Each subject is carried by itself in historical succession at intervals, thus forming a sort of sacred processional panorama of great extent. After each group of figures walk a body of surplice priests, intoning the lamentations, or reciting prayers. Last of all comes our blessed Lord, bending beneath the weight of the cross, with his blessed Mother, in the excess of desolation, extending her arms before him. Immediately preceding them, moves a band of musicians, striking muffled drums, and playing a funereal march. A great number of priests and acolytes finish the procession: at whose rear follow the dense masses of people, all joining in the chorus of responses to the prayers and psalms. In this manner the sad pageant parades the principal streets; after which it returns to the church whence it set out. In the evening, about seven o'clock, "Misereres" from celebrated masters are performed in many churches. The finest of these are to be heard at the Church of St. Michael, and at the court chapel: both which places are noted for the execution of the best sacred music in Munich. The king's chapel-master is the celebrated Aiblinger himself, some of whose compositions rank among the finest sacred music of the day. But St. Michael's draws the largest concourse of people; because, in addition to the fine "Miserere" which is given, the entire church—the most spacious in Munich after the cathedral—is solely lighted by a gigantic illuminated cross, so suspended over the chancel as to have the appearance of supporting itself in mid air, like the cross which Constantine saw. This speaking emblem is thus exhibited every evening of the three last days, during the performance of the "Miserere;" and finely conveys how the idea of the cross alone ought to be the one superior and exclusive of all others at such a season. Holy

Saturday is consecrated mainly in the forenoon part to the elaborate services, specially appointed for it; and which are performed according to the ritual in all the churches. The sepulchres, however, still continue to be thronged during the whole day; though the absorbing interest of the preceding one is certainly not so remarkable. But the day of sorrows is now over, and many cheerful tokens of the great triumph at hand anticipate it in the solemnities of Holy Saturday. At length, towards eight o'clock in the evening, the streets grow as full of excitement as on Good Friday, but it is a joyous excitement. The church bells peal out in their merriest tones, the altars blaze with splendour, while dense congregations assemble to take part in and witness the commemoration of the resurrection. This ceremony, peculiar I am informed to Germany, consists in the triumphant processional removal of the blessed sacrament from the sepulchre to the high altar, where solemn benediction is given, after which it is deposited in its own chapel. I witnessed this observance, both at the cathedral and palace. It was truly an inspiring spectacle in the former, to view the long procession of dignitaries and other ministers, with all their assistants, garbed in their most gorgeous vestments of state, preceded by the great silver cross, and many a banner of significant emblazonment, amid the glare of countless torches, glancing through clouds of incense, as they defiled along the aisles of the dim and mighty cathedral, intoning in full chorus to the accompaniment of trumpets and horns, ever and anon overpowered by the voice of the organ, the sublime Te Deum! And then the fervour of the crowds, who pressed so densely as barely to allow the procession a passage, part following, part prostrate on the pavement, as it swept by, all uttering aloud prayers and hymns, all by their words and gestures alone actuated by so great a jubilee! It is only in a Catholic country that you are made to understand what a religious offering up of the national heart is. From the cathedral I proceeded to the palace, where the ceremony is the latest of all, and where it forms an occasion of one of the most famous court pageants of the year. From the small chapel containing the sepulchre to the entrance of the principal chapel, the whole series of inner courts are laid with carpeted boarding for the procession to walk upon. On each side, at intervals, braziers with cedar wood fires are lighted, by whose lurid gleam the stalwart forms of the men-at-arms, posted along the line, holding their javelins, and arrayed in their grotesque state surcoats, appear with an enhanced effect. Usually about half-past nine the procession issues forth, amid a storm of martial music, and the ringing of all the palace bells. It is formed by the king's chaplains, assisted by others, and displays all the cloth of gold and other costliness, which the chests of the court vestries are worth. Immediately behind the blessed sacrament, which is borne under a gorgeous crimson silk canopy, supported by persons of the first rank, his majesty walks uncovered, in brilliant costume, accompanied by his sons, and followed by the court and all the nobility in town in full dress. As the whole scene moves forward, it presents as imposing a spectacle of the sort as can be conceived, and requires no minute specification of details to prove it so. On entering the chapel, whose area is crowded by the public in such a way as may be better supposed than told, except a certain open space before the choir, and whose galleries display all the female rank and fashion of Munich, headed by the queen, the blessed host is exposed on the altar, which is surrounded by the dazzling array of priests, while his majesty and suite occupy the reserved space below the steps. The choir then strike up a Te Deum, after which benediction is given, and thus the solemnities of Holy Week conclude.

Easter Sunday is such a day as it is everywhere else; but there is one custom observed, which it may perhaps not be superfluous to mention. This is the public blessing of all kinds of provisions brought by the people, and presented before the altar. Baskets of meat, fruit, bread, butter, coffee, &c., &c., are seen in all the churches at the early morning services; the poor carrying their own articles, and servants having charge of those of the more wealthy. A very favourite article on this occasion are eggs; and the shells of these are commonly gilded, or painted with the image of some saint or miraculous virgin, and sold in great quantities for the purpose of being blessed. The idea of the ceremony is, that on again resuming the use of meat and our usual food, after so solemn a fast, it is good to invoke the benediction of heaven thereupon—an idea which will at once come home to every religious mind. Accordingly, there are few families who have not their tables served with dishes blessed by the Church on Easter day. In many churches, too, you see statues of our Redeemer sumptuously arrayed, holding a banner of triumph in his hand, set up on a temporary altar, erected in a conspicuous position, which is a special object for praying before, and continues so while the indulgence lasts.

Easter Monday is also as remarkable a gala day at Munich as elsewhere. In the afternoon, the king and his family turn out in a dashing equipage, and proceed to the Ludwig Strasse, whose causeways are crowded like a fair to see the sight. This consists in the carriages of the nobility, and all who choose to join, driving up and down the magnificent street with their best appointments, after the fashion of the Prater at Vienna, and Corso at Rome on the same occasion. Hackney coaches, gigs, and carts without end, intermingle with the gay equipages, and give variety to the scene. No precedence is given or taken on this pleasant occasion. The shabbiest one-horse "shay" makes not the least scruple of cutting into the line directly before the six-horsed carriage of the king, which perhaps must pull up to give a little room. The street is not considered to be properly full until it becomes impossible to drive faster than a snail's pace. In the meantime, the windows and balconies are crowded with parties of spectators, as numerous as those below; so that, when the day is fine, nothing can be imagined so gay as the whole affair. Then his majesty, who is quite a facetious character in his way, and fond of mingling with the people, always adds to the general hilarity by giving full scope to his pleasant eccentricities; joking with his subjects, and not disdaining to speak with the homeliest of them. In this cordial humour he is imitated by many others of the illustrious personages concerned; and thus the popular mirth is forwarded, and carried to the greatest height. At length the chief equipages begin to thin off, and presently the stirring scene ceases altogether.

Such are the events and customs as they fell under my observation, which take place at Munich from Palm Sunday until Easter Monday evening; a season above all others distinguished by some commemorative practices in every Christian land, but pre-eminently so in Catholic ones.

X. Y.

Duelling in Louisiana.—A disposition seems to prevail in Louisiana to put an end to the practice of duelling. The state convention has incorporated a section in the general provisions of the constitution, which disfranchises and renders ineligible for any civil office under the state, any person who shall hereafter fight a duel, be a second at a duel, or carry a challenge to fight a duel:—a very just and salutary provision.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

At a moment like the present, when the unhappy kingdom of Spain, exhausted by civil dissension, has almost forgotten the religious glories of its happier times—when the monuments of the faith and piety of the middle ages are put up to public sale, or left to crumble into ruins, by a government without resources, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to become acquainted with one of the most celebrated of those relics of the olden time—one of those gigantic cathedrals, built when men

"————————disdained the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more,"

to see how the ceremonies of our religious worship are still performed there; and in what manner the people participate in them. For this purpose we have translated the following extracts from a work by the Marquis de Custine, which contains a description of the cathedral of Seville.

"The cathedral of Seville is in the latest style of decorated Gothic. The exterior of the Church has nothing very remarkable about its appearance, unless when seen from afar: from the promenade upon the borders of the Guadalquiver, where the innumerable pinnacles, which command its roofs, and terminate its lofty gables, resemble a forest of pines, planted upon the sharp-pointed summits of a chain of mountains. Perhaps even this is less beautiful as a work of art, than it is grand, imposing, and magnificent. But the interior, which was completed in the fifteenth century, appeared to me a prodigy of man's handicraft. The entire edifice belongs to the chapter of Seville, a species of ecclesiastical etal-major, as rich as it is powerful. Towards the close of the middle ages these sovereign canons resolved to create a monument, which should be unprecedented and unequalled in the annals of church-building. They succeeded; and realized a masterpiece. It was the work of several reigns; till, at length, after a lapse of eighty years, Spain possessed, and the world admired, an edifice almost as wonderful as St. Peter's of Rome; more pure in style than the Duomo of Milan; more complete in finish than the cathedral of Cologne. On entering this gigantic building, the scene is beyond description: a glorious nave, with its pointed arches and vaulted roof, running up to an almost fearful elevation; double aisles, so spacious and lofty, so unbroken in length, and marvellous in extent, that the spectator, at his first glimpse through that forest of columns, seems to gaze upon five naves at once; and all this lighted up by eighty superb windows, filled with stained glass of the most gorgeous colouring, and priceless as the work of Arnold of Flanders. The choir recedes from the nave, and is reached by ascending many steps; it is inclosed by a massive screen and a lofty grating, beautifully wrought in gilt iron. I have observed the same form of choir as at Seville, prevalent through most of the principal churches of Spain: the chancel is not part of the nave, the priests are not confounded with the people, as in France; but the celebrant and his assistants stand apart, upon the height which is formed by the great elevation of the sanctuary. It is a sort of holy mount, built beneath the vaulted roof, which produces a more than picturesque effect; for it is symbolical, and seems peculiarly adapted to the solemnity of that religious worship, whose very essence and life-blood is symbolism.

"The cathedral is 420 feet long, and 263 broad; the height is enormous, and would be considered out of all proportion, if compared with the elevation of other churches of the same size. All round the double aisles are a multitude of small chapels, which appear to have been joined interiorly to the walls of the building; and look like so many little churches, shut up within the great inclosure. On Sunday mornings they are literally filled with groups of pious women, prostrate on the pavement, joining their prayers with the sacred phalanx of priests and levites, who are offering up the holy sacrifice, and calling down blessings on their spiritual children. One of these chapels—that of the kings—contains several remarkable tombs; among others that of St. Ferdinand III., who took Seville from the Moors, in 1248: the year in which St. Louis of France died. It is curious that Spain and France were each governed at this period by a saintly, and afterwards canonized king. Not far off was the tomb of Christopher Columbus, containing an inscription which is unique in the history of mausoleums and epitaphs:

A Castilla y a Leon,
Mundo nuevo dio Colon.'

'To Castile and to Leon Columbus gave a new world.' The son of this great man lies buried underneath one of the lateral chapels of the church. But these are not all the glories of Seville; many of the most renowned names in the history of Spanish heroism are engraven upon the pavement, and it may really be considered a very Pantheon of Christian chivalry.

"It was on a Sunday, at the hour of Mass, that I entered the cathedral for the first time; and nowhere—not even beneath the dome of St. Peter's—has the Catholic worship appeared to me so majestic and imposing. A whole regiment of soldiers assisted at the divine service; but the multitudes were lost beneath these supernatural vaults, like a nest of ants upon a plain. Great part of the population of Seville seemed equally insignificant within this gigantic monument of Christian art. The officiating priest, attended by deacons and subdeacons, appeared at the high altar, and looked as if he stood upon a mountain. He was a venerable old man; and when he knelt, was scarcely perceptible, through the sublime obscurity of the sanctuary. The romance and imagination of Spain have rendered her ritual as poetical and picturesque as it is holy and exalted. The prayers of the unseen priest, and the supplicating voices of his youthful acolytes, seemed to fall from heaven upon the heads of the faithful, who knelt below, separated from the choir by the rood-loft and enormous screen. The organ is one of the most famous, the most grand, and sonorous in Europe; its mighty bellows resemble steam-engines in their machinery. Five hundred Masses are said each day at the eighty-two altars; the quantity of wax, wine, and oil consumed there is fabulous; a large clergy, assisted by many subalterns, is employed in the service of God in this religious republic. Never did I understand so clearly that stones placed one upon another, may form for man a country and a home. Among the levites, attached to this marvellous temple, there are eleven dignitaries wearing the mitre; forty canons of the highest rank; twenty of inferior order; twenty canons besides, with three assistants; two beadles, a master of ceremonies, and four coadjutors; thirty-six choir children, with their rectors, under-rectors, and masters of the chapel; nineteen chaplains, four curates, four confessors, twenty-three musicians, and four supernumeraries. It is an entire people, serving God within the sanctuary. With such an army as this, no wonder the ceremonies were pompous; no wonder that I thought of the holy city, and the chosen people, the temple of Solomon, and the piety of the Jews towards the God of their fathers.

"The archiepiscopal see of Seville is of very ancient date; it was founded what time 'the bright cerulean Gothic blood' lorded it over Spain. The archbishop at present enjoys an annual revenue of about £30,000.

"The cathedral is an everlasting novelty, it is impossible to see it all; it is a little kingdom, with its government, its people, and its employés, in canonical costume. There are halls, and passages, and hidden rooms, which the bewildered traveller reaches by chance, after wandering through side-chapels and sacristies without number: here he is stopped by a peerless work of art, there by treasures of the richest value; the very doors and lids of the presses which contain them, are chefs d'œuvres of their kind, either in the rarity of the material, or the exquisite design of the workmanship. I beheld, besides many other things of inestimable value, figures of saints in solid silver, tabernacles from twelve to fifteen feet in height, of the same costly material; stuffs embroidered in gold, tapestries, decorations, and banners of gold and silver. Dazzled with so much magnificence, you pass from sacristies, gleaming with church plate and ecclesiastical treasures, to galleries bright with gilding, and vaulted ceilings carved with marvellous art. Then on to the marbles, the sculpture, and the paintings; then to a library filled with antique music books, chiefly of Gregorian chant—all of precious workmanship, many of high antiquity. Curiosity itself is tired at last. The traveller wanders at hazard; he glances, half fearfully, at the vast field opened to his research; he murmurs at his own inability, and the shortness of his time; he wonders at the disorder of his ideas, and the confusion of his reminiscences. In fine, it is impossible to form any estimate, any adequate idea of all that this depôt of Spanish art and Spanish grandeur contains within its walls. It is in such a place as this, that one can fully recognize the profit to which a creature may place all the gifts of his Creator. God has no need of the highest masterpieces of our art, or the mightiest efforts of our genius; but man cannot achieve a great work without faith, and in producing what the world calls a chef d'œuvre, he only pays a debt he owes his God: he digs up quarries of stone, he expends his wealth and talent, he spares not even his life, but what does all this cost him? He does not work for himself. What matters the time we spend in sowing, if we are to reap in eternity?"

F.

THE CORONATION.

I HAVE seen the Coronation, and never did I witness a sight so magnificent—so august—so sublime. If ever the exclamation of "*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" can be applicable, it must be to a spectacle like this, which, by eclipsing the future as well as the past, has condensed the wonders of a whole life in one absorbing moment, and given me reason to be thankful that my existence was made contemporaneous with such a surpassing display of glory and splendour. So far from seeking to aggrandise what I have seen, even if that were possible, by any inflation of language, I have purposely abstained, during several days, from any attempt at description, in order that some portion of my enthusiasm might be suffered to evaporate; and yet, even now, I feel the necessity of perpetually keeping my pen below the level of my feelings, lest I should be suspected of intemperate exaggeration. In all sincerity of heart I may say, that I unaffectedly pity those who, from any inexcusable considerations of interest, or the more justifiable causes of compulsory absence, have been debarred from sharing the intense gratification which I have experienced. Exhibitions of this nature are rare, and a concurrence of circumstances united to give interest and magnificence to the present, which may never be again combined. The previous night, by its serene splendour, seemed anxious to do honour to the approaching gorgeousness. One would have thought that it was a court-day in heaven, and that all its nobility were present, sparkling in their stars, and coronets, and girdles of light; while imagination easily converted the milky way into a cluster of radiant courtiers gathering around the throne from which their splendours were derived. Morning began to dawn with a calm loveliness, which rather confirmed than dissipated these floating delusions of the mind. From the gallery where I had procured a seat, I saw the stars gradually "gin to pale their ineffectual fires," until none remained visible but Dian's crescent, slowly changing its hue from gold to silver, and the sparkling son of Jupiter and Aurora, Lucifer, who, by his reluctant twinklings, seemed struggling for a little longer existence, that he might catch one glimpse of the approaching magnificence. Already were the eastern skies steeped in a faint grey light, interspersed with streaks of pale green, while fresh flushes of a rosier hue came every moment flooding up from beneath the horizon, and a breeze, sent forward as the herald of the sun, presently wafted around me such a gush of crimson radiance, that I felt (to use the only poetical expression of Sternhold and Hopkins) as if the morning "on the wings of winds came flying all abroad." Behold, I exclaimed,

"the jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top;"

and I was endeavouring to recollect Tasso's beautiful description of sun-rise, when the increasing charms of the day-break compelled me to concentrate all my faculties in the contemplation of the scene with which I was surrounded.

The gallery where I had taken my station was a terrace which overhangs the Lake of Chêde, opposite to Mont Blanc; and he who from this point has seen the sun rise, and shower its glories upon the romantic and stupendous wonders with which he is encompassed, will not marvel that I shrink from the hopeless attempt of its description. It is a spectacle to be felt, not painted. Amid the solitude of those gigantic and sublime regions there is something peculiarly impressive in witnessing the magnificence of Nature, as she silently performs her unerring evolutions; and the heart of man, feeling itself in the immediate presence of Omnipotence, turns with instinctive reverence to its Creator. But let me resume my narrative of the Coronation—not of a poor fleeting mortal like ourselves, but of that glorious King coeval with the world, and to endure till the great globe itself shall crumble and dissolve;—of that truly legitimate Sovereign, who alone can plead divine right for his enthronement, since the Almighty has planted his feet deep in the bowels of the earth, and lifted his head above the clouds;—of that Monarch of the mountains, who indeed deserves the appellation of Majesty—Mont Blanc. If I cannot say, in newspaper phraseology, that the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, I may affirm, that ten thousand were waving to and fro in the breezes of Heaven, for the lilies of the valley, and the hyacinths, and the blue-bells, and the wild flowers, were all nodding their down-looking cups at the earth; and who shall say that they were not melodious with a music inaudible to human ears, although fraught with harmonious vibrations for the innumerable insects who were recreating themselves beneath their pendent belfries? No daughter of earth, however fair or noble, would have been presumptuous enough to aspire to the honour of strewing flowers on this august occasion, for a heavenly florist had fashioned them with his hand, and perfumed them with his breath, and Flora scattered them spontaneously from her lap as she walked along the valleys. By the same mighty hand was performed the ceremony of anointing; and as I saw the dews of heaven glittering in the dawning light, while they fell upon the head of the mountain, I exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is a monarch who may, without impiety, be termed the Lord's anointed." Bursting forth from a pavilion of crimson and gold clouds, the sun now threw his full effulgence upon the lofty forehead of Mont Blanc; and the Glaciers, and the rocks of red porphyry and granite, and the valley of Chamouni, and that sea of diamonds, the Mer de Glace, gradually became clothed in gorgeous robes of light. As I contemplated the sea-green pyramids of ice that surrounded Mont Blanc, each, as it became tipped with sun-light, appearing to put on its coronet of sparkling silver, methought there never had been so grand a potentate, encircled with such splendid nobility and courtiers. Nor did the great Hall in which they were assembled appear unworthy of its tenants; for as it had not been built by hands, so neither was it limited by human powers, possessing only the walls of the horizon for its boundaries, and having for its roof the azure vault of heaven, painted with vari-coloured clouds, and illuminated by the glorious and flaming sun. From the tops of the surrounding heights, various stripes of purple clouds, laced with light, assumed the appearance of flags and banners floating in the air in honour of the joyous day; but my attention was more particularly directed to two hovering masses of darker hue, which, majestically descending from heaven towards the summit of Mont Blanc, at length deposited their burthen upon its head in the form of a crown of snow, which an electric flash instantly lighted up with intolerable splendour, while a loud peal of thunder gave notice to all the world that the ceremony of Coronation had been accomplished. Alps and Apennines "rebellow'd to the roar;" every mountain opening its deep-toned throat, and shouting out the joyful intelligence to its neighbour, until after countless hollow and more hollow reverberations, the sound died away in the distance of immeasurable space.

Nor was the banquet wanting to complete this august festival, for as mine eye roamed over the fertile plains and valleys commanded by the eminence on which I stood, I found that He who owns the cattle on a thousand hills had covered them with corn, and fruits, and wine, and oil, and honey, spreading out a perpetually renewed feast for whole nations, diffusing, at the same time, odours and perfumes on every side, and recreating the ears of the guests with the mingled harmony of piping-birds, melodious winds, rustling woods, the gushing of cascades, and the tinkling of innumerable rills. Again I turned my looks towards Mont Blanc, and lo! a huge avalanche, detaching itself from its summit, came thundering down into the valley below, making earth shake with the concussion. "Behold," I exclaimed, "He who overthroweth the horse and his rider, hath sent his Champion to challenge all the world;" and at this moment a smaller portion, which had broken away from the falling mass, came leaping towards me, and shivered itself into a cloud of snow beneath, as if the tremendous Champion had thrown down his gauntlet at my feet. Overcome with awe and wonder, I shrunk into myself, and as the rocks, and caverns, and mountains round echoed to the roar of the falling avalanche, methought they hailed the Coronation of their monarch, and shouting with a thousand voices, made the whole welkin ring to their acclamations of Mont Blanc! Mont Blanc! Mont Blanc!

Since witnessing this most impressive scene, I have read an account of the Coronation of "an island-monarch throned in

the west," with all its circumstantial detail of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts and Knights in their ermine robes, Kings at Arms, and Heralds in their gewgaw coats, and Bishops in the pomp of pontificals, with the parade of gold spurs, ewers, maces, swords, sceptres, crowns, balls, and crosses; but when I compared it with the stupendous exhibition of nature which I had so lately beheld, the whole sunk into insignificance; nor could I suppress a smile of pity as I shared the feeling with which Xerxes contemplated his mighty armament, and reflected that, in a few fleeting years, the whole of all this human pride, with the soldiers and horses that paraded around it, and the multitude that huzzaed without, would be converted into dust; the haughtiest of the nobles lying an outstretched corpse in a dark and silent vault, with nothing of his earthly splendour left but the empty trappings and escutcheons which, in mockery of the lofty titles with which it is inscribed, will hang mouldering upon his coffin. The ceremony will not, however, have been unavailing, if it shall have awakened reflections of this nature in the minds of those who contributed to it, and have impressed upon their hearts the truth of Shirley's noble lines, in the contention of Ajax and Ulysses:—

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:—
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade." H.

THE LARGE BLACK ANT.

Colonel Sykes related to me an anecdote, with regard to an Indian species of Ant, which he calls the *Large Black Ant*, instancing, in a wonderful manner, their perseverance in attaining a favourite object, which was witnessed by himself, his lady, and his whole household. When resident at Poona, the dessert, consisting of fruits, cakes, and various preserves, always remained upon a small side-table, in a verandah of the dining-room. To guard against inroads, the legs of the table were immersed in four basins filled with water; it was removed an inch from the wall, and, to keep off dust through open windows, was covered with a table-cloth. At first the ants did not attempt to cross the water, but as the strait was very narrow, from an inch to an inch and a half, and the sweets very tempting, they appear at length to have braved all risks, to have committed themselves to the deep, to have scrambled across the channel, and to have reached the object of their desires, for hundreds were found every morning revelling in enjoyment. Daily vengeance was executed upon them without lessening the numbers; at last the legs of the table were painted, just above the water, with a circle of turpentine. This at first seemed to prove an effectual barrier, and for some days the sweets were unmolested; after which they were again attacked by these resolute plunderers, but how they got at them seemed totally unaccountable, till Colonel Sykes, who often passed the table, was surprised to see an ant drop from the wall, about a foot above the table, upon a cloth that covered it; another and another succeeded. So that though the turpentine and the distance from the wall appeared effectual barriers, still the resources of the animal, when determined to carry its point, were not exhausted, and by ascending the wall to a certain height, with a slight effort against it in falling, it managed to land in safety upon the table. Colonel Sykes asks—Is this instinct? I should answer—No. The animal's appetite is greatly excited, its scent probably informs it where it must seek the object of its desire; it first attempts the nearest road; when this is barricaded, it naturally ascends the walls near which the table was placed, and so succeeds by casting itself down, all the while under the guidance of its senses.

It is observed, in the *Introduction to Etymology*, that though ants, during the cold winters in this country, remain in a state of torpidity, and have no need of food, yet, in warmer regions, during the rainy seasons, when they are probably confined to their nests, a store of provisions may be necessary for them. Now, though the rainy season, at least in America, is a season in which insects are full of life, yet the observation, that ants may store up provisions in warm countries, is confirmed by an account sent me by Colonel Sykes, with respect to another species which appears to belong to the same genus as the celebrated *Ant of Visitation*, by which the houses of Surinam were said to be cleared periodically of their cockroaches, mice, and even rats. The present species has been named by Mr. Hope the *Provident Ant*. These Ants, after long-continued rains during the monsoon, were found to bring up, and lay up, on the surface of the earth, on a fine day, their stores of grass-seeds and grains of Guinea-corn, for the purpose of drying them. Many scores of these hoards were frequently observable on the extensive parade at Poona. This account clearly proves, that where the climate and the circumstances require it, these industrious creatures do store up provisions.

From these very interesting communications, we may remark how the functions of animals are varied, the same function being often given in charge to tribes perfectly different in different climates. In temperate regions, the principal agents in disinfecting the air by devouring or removing excrement, belong to the order *Beetles;* but in India, where probably more hands are wanted to effect this purpose of Providence, the *Tree Ants* are called in to aid the Beetles, by building their nests of this fœtid mortar, and thus clear the surface of innumerable nuisances, which probably soon dry and become scentless. In Europe, again, no Ants are found to verify Solomon's observation, literally interpreted; but in India we see, and probably it may also be the same in Palestine, provision for the future is not stored up solely by the bees; but the ants, where it is necessary, are gifted with the same admirable instinct.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

ACT OF THE LOVE OF GOD,

BY ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O Deus! Ego, te Amo, &c.

O God! the only object of my love:
Not for the hope of Heavenly joys above;
Not for the fears of endless pains below,
Which those who love thee not, must undergo.

For me, and such as me, thou once didst bear
The ignominious cross, the nail, the spear;
A thorny crown transpierced thy sacred brow,
What bloody sweats from every member flow!

For me, in tortures, thou resign'dst thy breath,
Nail'd to the cross; and sav'dst me by thy death;
Say, can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
What but thyself can now deserve my love?

Such as then was, and is thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee;
Thy love, O Jesus, may I ever sing;
O God of love, kind Parent, dearest King.

Amen.

"ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS."

THE POOR, AND PROVIDING FOR THEM.

Times there were, when a saintly silversmith like Eligius might entertain the poor at his door every day, and no notice be taken of his custom, but by the inhabitants of the city saying always to those strangers who asked to be shown the way to his house, "Go into such a street, and where you see gathered a crowd of lame, and halt, and blind, enter, for there is his dwelling." But had a friend of the poor acted in the same manner after the establishment of the modern religions, he would have been denounced to the magistrates as injuring his neighbours, by rendering disgustful the public way; and though he might be a prince of the empire, he must either have caused the poor to forsake his gates, or been content himself to leave the city. Men who are duly formed to move in the modern civilization, hold poverty to be a cursed, not a blessed state, and those who adopt it from choice, to be mad, not holy. Where they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. "Pass on and come not near—put money in thy purse, or get thee to a workhouse!" is the only reply to the afflicted who tremblingly make known their wants and ask for pity in the name of Christ the Saviour. To a workhouse! For what, if it be a stranger, that has no claim, as the world says, or even if the right be unequivocal, but the dejected being should be as gentle as unfortunate, and should have a mind too delicate to outface the scrutinizing look of humourists, strong in the might of office? What if it be a maiden or a child, not necessarily insensible, or void of all the tender feelings of humanity, because poor and friendless? Can we then point with exultation at our legal statutes, and at the coarse dreary piles which furnish what they grant? Truly, in such cases the difference may not be very great between the pit at Athens, into which were to be precipitated those whom the law punished, and this new Barathron, into which are to be received those whom the law relieves, especially if we take into account the ordeal through which their discouraged hearts must pass—the bitter words, and all the taunts which, from the prosperous, weak misfortune takes—before they can attain to the full enjoyment of the good things which strict law awards and sullen avarice pays. To a workhouse!—yes, holy poverty, that is the word now, alike to thee, perhaps accepting as a gift of God, all humiliations; but I will add, hideous word! only to be equalled in deformity by the edifice on which it is inscribed that doth the eyes and bosom fill with grief—barbarous title, which would as precisely designate a place not made for dwelling of the human kind, yet doubtless here pregnant with sad truth; for what are men, if only their bare wants are satisfied? "There are persons," says the universal doctor, "who give to the poor what they would scarcely throw before swine, and yet think that they can redeem their sins thereby; and this is, as it were, blasphemy against God." Such men are never wanting? but what a contrast to all this will be presented to an observer conversant with the manners of Catholic ages in days of yore, as recorded in history? O God! how will such a person be able to convince himself that he is now in the same world, the same country, the same city, as that on which his memory dwells? Certainly, if he should attempt to describe the manner in which the poor were generally treated by Catholics in the middle ages, no man will believe his report. He cannot describe it perhaps without using terms that will seem to every one as exaggerated and poetical. All that he can do will be to invite men to examine facts, proclaiming things kinder and wiser than were ever said in human book—"except in Shakspere's wisest tenderness" invite them to see the palaces in which the poor were received in sickness, the cloistered courts which were built to shelter them in age and infirmities, the banquets which were provided for them in the halls of princes, the choice dainties which were reserved for them from the table of the nobleman—the sepulchres, on which tears of pity and abundant alms are commemorated amongst the highest graces of a king. All that he can do will be to point out the laws, which, so far from subjecting the poor to imprisonment, on pretence of their presence in public injuring or offending the community, pronounce it an indictable offence to make any appropriation of the tracks of ground which in almost every parish had been set apart for their use or enjoyment, as may be witnessed in the petition against the Duke of Suffolk for inclosing the commons of Melford.* The administrators, too, of these laws he may produce in evidence, some of whom, if possible, would have weighed the tears of the poor as more precious than all the jewels of a crown, if they had to make them restitution for an injury. With such recollections, is it wonderful that he should feel alarmed at the prodigious diminution of mercy which has taken place in the intercourse between rich and poor? or that he should be inclined to repeat to the men about him, and to himself too, that piercing reproof of a famous author, who may live to win back all his merits. You say that you love your brethren, what would you do if you hated them? Alas! where truths are diminished, how could mercy remain whole? In these limits where the feet of Christ's messengers once found no obstacle, such a growth has sprung of rank and venomed roots as long would mock slow culture's toil. Where is good Dunstan? where Elphegus, Anselm, Lancfranc, Ælred? Wonder not, lordling, if the poor do weep when I recal to them those once-loved names, Edmund of Abingdon, and Bede of Wearmouth, the hooded men of Glastonbury and Tintern, with Netley's cloister, and Croyland, each race disherited; and besides these, the ladies and the knights that visited the fatherless and the widow, and cheered to enchantment their afflicted hearts with love and courtesy. Look how the human breast to fulness hath relapsed, from having lost correction! Talk of difficulties in the way of admitting the truth of Catholic doctrines! Hypocrites! Let them say rather the impossibility of treating Lazarus as their brother. Come, see the gates of these reformed christians, forgetful of their old nobility, and the menial troop which hastens to drive away, with refined insult, the poor beggar whose sores the dogs, perhaps, were about to lick! There is a progress here. Dives could see a mendicant. Come, see the enviers of this new nobility, the masters of manufactories! See the active agents for preserving this social order perfected—the magistrates and overseers, the beadles and the bars of justice, and those sunk in grief before them! Come, cruel one! come and behold the children, slaves who must work sixteen hours in the day! the orphan arraigned as a criminal for having prayed over her father's grave! Come and see the portals that refuse to open when cries of a woman in her last distress collect a crowd before them of such comforters as say, "How poor thou art!" and look upon the spot of mire where she does lay her burden down, with no heroic Bruce to shelter her! Come and mark these injuries, no longer strange, and thou mayest see what charity thy reformed creed hath nurtured? Come and behold what love is found among thy people; and if thy proud inventions needs must reign for ever, come, at least, and witness their effects! But, lordling, go thy ways; for now I take more joy in weeping than in words!

Mores Catholici.

Priding one's self on the nobility of one's ancestors, is looking among the roots for the fruit that should be found on the branches.

* Hen. VI. 2d. P. I.

TESTIMONY OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

No. 3.

ON THE ORTHODOXY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ALL FUNDAMENTAL POINTS.

THE admissions of Protestant writers in favour of the Catholic Church, we are, for the sake of argument, at liberty to use, though we ourselves may question the grounds on which such admissions are rested. We not unfrequently hear it stated by Protestants, who clearly know not their own religion, "that it matters little to what religion we belong, provided our moral conduct be good." The fallacy of such reasoning is at once disposed of by the decision of Him who said to his apostles: "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt 28.) It is equally fallacious to allege, that the differences in religious belief, among different sects, are not fundamental. For, if any doctrine be held, which the Church of Christ condemns, the teaching authority is in fact denied, and the guilt of heresy incurred by those who obstinately hold it; and if the doctrine be true, but held in wilful separation from the true Church, there is the guilt of schism, which is rebellion against God. A soldier, deserting the ranks of his own sovereign and going over to the forces of the enemy, might as well say, that the dress of both armies was the same, and the military regulations similar. The church is the ark, says St. Cyprian, he who is not in the ark must perish in the flood. In fact, the distinction of fundamentals and non-fundamentals made by our opponents (whatever advantage we, as Catholics, may draw from it) is a gratuitous assumption. It has been invented merely as a subterfuge for separatists from the Church; there is no sanction for it in the sacred volume.

We now proceed to show, that even from the acknowledgments of Protestant writers, salvation is attainable in the Catholic Church, and that safety may be found within the pale of her communion.

1. King James 1st. Speech to Parliament Nov. 9, 1605. "I honestly own that many papists, especially our forefathers, are *saved*, detesting as I do from the bottom of my soul the bigotry of the Puritans, who think that no papist can go to heaven."

2. Bishop White. Defence of his Way, p. 356. "I have *never denied* the Church of Rome to be the visible Church of God, wherein our ancestors did profess *the true faith*, and were *saved*."

3. Dr. Fields. On the Church, book 3. c. 11. p. 72. "When some demand of us, where our church was before Luther, we say it was where now it is. If they ask which church, we answer, it was the known and apparent church in the world, wherein *all* our ancestors lived and died, and wherein Luther and they were baptised," &c.

What Dr. Field may have thought about a certain very charitable homily, which he was occasionally required to read "diligently and distinctly," and which asserts the "godly and wholesome doctrine," that for 800 years and more the whole of Christendom (before the Reformation) was drowned in damnable idolatry, we presume not to say; or by what peculiar process or possibility, our ancestors were to attain to salvation, under such alleged circumstances, is equally puzzling to pronounce. We fancy that it is the fate of error to fall into inconsistency, contradictions, and absurdities.

4. Whitaker, Cant. 4. Ques. 5. c. 3. says: "That in times past no religion but the Popish had place in the church;" so that our ancestors are either all lost, as heretics, schismatics, and idolaters, or perfect safety in respect to salvation is to be found in the church of Rome.

5. Hooker. Eccles. Polity. p. 180. acknowledges the church of Rome to be a part of God's house and family.

6. "I dare not," says Dr. Baro, "deny the name of christians to the Romanists, the most learned Protestants having owned the church of Rome to be the church of God." Sermon 3. p. 448.

7. Bunny. Pacification. sec. 18. p. 108, &c. expresses himself on this subject thus: "We are no several churches from the papists, nor they from us. And, therefore, there is no departing at all out of the church, or from them to us, or from us to them, all the difference is, who are the truer members, we or they. It was evil done of them, who *first* urged a *separation*. For we make ourselves answerable to find out a distinct church from the Roman, which has continued from the apostles to the present age, else we must acknowledge, that our church has sprung up of late, and since theirs." Had Mr. Bunny lived to these days all his difficulty of finding out a distinct and lost church would be removed by the wiseacre, who the other day on the coast of Devonshire discovered the lost mother of Protestantism in the ruins of Perenzabuloe. What a lucky discovery the Vaudois will have to give place to something nearer home!

8. The next authority is Daillé; and though a foreigner, he is one of the ablest men that the reformers can boast of, and whose writings they hold in high estimation. In his letter to Monglat, p. 72. he says: "It is a hard thing in my opinion to look on that man either as a good christian, a good member of society, or a person of common sense, who believing his salvation secure in the Church of Rome, will at the same time desert her communion and abandon her faith."

9. Dr. Potter, Charity Mistaken, p. 76, observes on this point: "The Roman Church's communion we forsake not, no more than the body of Christ, whereof we acknowledge the Church of Rome a member, though corrupted: and this clears us from schism, whose property is to cut off from hope of salvation the church from which it separates. And if any zealots amongst us have proceeded to heavier censures, their zeal may, their charity and wisdom cannot be excused." We may just remark that Dr. Potter's plea for separating from the Catholic Church is in point of fact no plea; never can there be a plea for any such separation, inasmuch as her Divine Founder has excluded all such pleas by solemnly pledging his word that his Church never should fall. All separatists see and feel the wound of schism, and therefore seek to hide and excuse it.

10. Chillingworth, p. 16. line 8, says: "We grant the Roman to be a part of the whole church, and if she were a true part of the church, she retained those truths, simply necessary to salvation."

Again, chapter 4. No. 34. line 2, he says: "He that believes all fundamentals cannot be damned for any error in faith, though he believe more or less to be fundamental than is so." But if Catholics believe all things "necessary to salvation," then in the judgment of Chillingworth himself they are not wanting in fundamentals.

11. One farther testimony and we have done. Bishop Thorndyke in his Epilogue, p. 146, has the following decisive language: "Though I sincerely blame the imposing of new articles on the faith of christians, yet I must and do truly profess, that I find no position necessary to salvation prohibited, none destructive to salvation enjoined to be believed by the church of Rome, and, therefore, I must necessarily accept it for a *true* church, as in the church of England I have always known it accepted; seeing there can be no question made, but that it continueth the same visible body by the succession of Bishops and laws, that were first founded by the Apostles. There remains, therefore, in the present church of Rome the profession of all the faith necessary for the salvation of all christians to believe, either in point of faith or manners." No wonder after such an admission as this there should be such a restless yearning among a very influential body in the Anglican Church *Romewards*.

Most readers of history will remember the case of Henry IV. of Navarre. Previous to embracing the Catholic religion, he put the question to the Calvinistic divines, whether salvation were attainable in the Catholic Church. The answer was decidedly in the affirmative. Each one may use these Protestant weapons as he deems best.

THE holy mother S. Jane Chantal had such an affection for humility that she would never suffer the smallest occasion to pass by, on which she could practise it; and on one occasion she wrote as follows to S. Francis of Sales: "My dearest father, I beg of you, for the honour of God, to assist me to humble myself."

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